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SAUCE FOR THE GOOSE.

Mrs. Charles: WHY, CHARLEY! YOU ARE NOT GOING AS YOU ARE!

Charles: WHY, YES; ARE'N'T YOU?



"While there's Life there's Hope."

VOL. VIII. DECEMBER 2, 1886. No. 205.

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THE surrogate of Erie county has given an interesting decision in the Tracy will case. He recognizes Mr. Tracy's remarkable propensity to fill himself with fluids, and admits the tendency of the fluids to upset the intellectuals. But he also recognizes that there are exceptions to every rule, and he has recorded his opinion that Mr. Tracy was one of the exceptions. In spite of his six daily bottles of champagne, his one bottle of brandy, and his various other spiritual aids, Mr. Tracy impresses many of his associates as a person who knew perfectly what he was about, and their evidence as to his mental capacity has been accepted by Judge Stern. Accordingly, the will of the Buffalo millionaire has been admitted to probate, and it will require further efforts on the part of the contestants to break it.

There is no doubt that Mr. Tracy's convivial tendencies were excessive, and that such habits as his ought to be discouraged by all legitimate means; but to refuse to allow his will to stand could not correct his delinquencies, nor would such a ruling be likely to keep any other man in a like case from following his example. Surrogate Stern's decision, therefore, cannot justly be considered hostile to temperance, while it certainly is a powerful encouragement to testators. Wills need all the help they can get in these days, and Judge Stern's ruling must be regarded as a public benefit.

LIFE regrets to learn that the amiable novelist, George W. Cable, has been rudely treated by one of his fellow-villagers at Northampton. Mr. Cable was invited to address a temperance meeting, and while in the full tide of protracted eloquence, was chidden by the chairman of the meeting for taking up more than his share of the time. It appears he took the interruption in very ill part, and expressed his willingness to let the Northamptonites do their own temperance talk in future. Is it possible that Mr. Cable has the irritable temperament which is proverbially attributed to poets? He fell out with the people of New Orleans, who are a very easy-going race, and he is even credited by report with having developed a misunderstanding with Mark Twain.

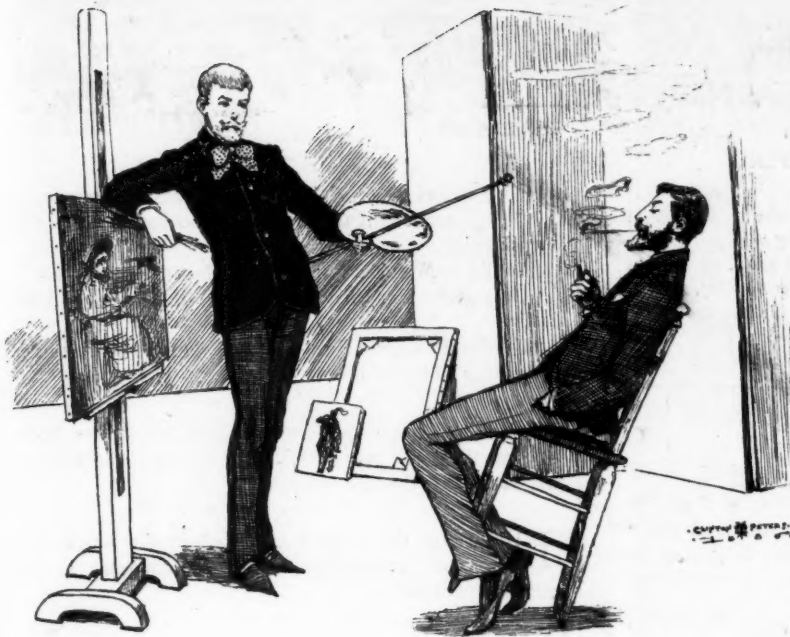
THE boodle aldermen continue to be tried, to their great personal discomfort and to the satisfaction of the public. They are even losing caste with their pals. Alderman Fullgraff's former lunch-mates decline to eat with him any longer. Never mind, Fullgraff has made a name for himself, and it will go down to history, such as it is.

MR. CHILDS, the Philadelphia Bard, declines to run for Mayor of the Quaker City. Mr. Childs' present situation is one of the best in the country. He is the proprietor of the most extraordinary daily newspaper in the known world. He edits it to suit himself and the other Philadelphians, and probably comes as near to being satisfied as an erring human can hope to approach. LIFE knows Mr. Childs to be good, and believes him to be true. Whether he is beautiful or not depends upon the views of the beholder, unless the rule of "handsome is that handsome does" is accepted, when his beauty instantly rises above the doubtful line. In no respect would it benefit Mr. Childs to be Mayor of Philadelphia, and he cannot be urged to accept the office from a sense of duty, because the highest duty of an editor is to edit.

THE Washington correspondent of the *World* avers that when Secretary Endicott goes home to Boston for a few fresh beans and some pie, he is in the habit of leaving Adjutant-General Drum in his place, to act as his deputy, to the great glee of Drum, but to the sore displeasure of General Sheridan, who is not fond of being bossed by his military subordinates. LIFE desires to expostulate with Judge Endicott about his behavior in this particular. If the judge has a fault it lies in his tendency to harbor megalomaniacs about the war department. The chiefest of these is Drum, who lacks only one, or perhaps two essentials of being a match for the beggar of story, who is described in the books as "fat, ragged and saucy." Drum may not be fat, and probably is not ragged, but he is saucy, like all megalomaniacs, and ought not to be left in a position where he can make his betters uncomfortable.

Make a note of this, Judge, please.

IT is a pity that Mr. Bennett cannot persuade himself to stay at home and manage his newspaper. Since he has been in town, people have had the novel sensation of wondering what the *Herald* thinks about things. It is a long time now since any sane adult has cared to discover the *Herald's* opinion on any subject. Indeed it is some time since the *Herald* has done any appreciable thinking. But Mr. Bennett has views, and when he is on the spot, his young men feel encouraged to try to express them. The master's eye is a great stimulus to journalism.



APPRECIATIVE.

Van Kobalt: ARE YOU SINGING ANY NOW, FEATHERLY?

Featherly (who has just been criticizing Van K's work very severely): NO; MY DOCTOR HAS FORBIDDEN IT.

Van Kobalt: I WISH YOU WOULD GIVE ME HIS ADDRESS. I WOULD LIKE TO KNOW A PHYSICIAN OF SUCH PUBLIC SPIRIT.

A SERIOUS AFFAIR.

“WERE you ever engaged in a duel, Colonel Blood?”

“Yes, sah, I was sah.”

“Did it terminate seriously?”

“Yes, sah. I was arrested and fined ten dollars, sah.”

SCRAPS.

THE *Detroit Free Press* heads an item “Down on the Dog.” This must have been a freak of nature.

IT is said that this country will shortly present a bill to Miss Liberty for ground rent.

THEY say of his majesty King Kalakaua that as long as he can get gin he is indifferent about taking a bath.

IF Boston doesn't stop referring to the Hon. John L. Sullivan as “our John,” she will hear from New York in a way she won't like.

IT is said by a traveler that the ordinary Mexican woman wears no bonnet. That may be so; but all the same we shall keep right on preferring the extraordinary American woman who does.



ITEMS OF INTEREST BY
LIFE'S CHUM TO POTENTATES.

WAR is imminent between Italy and England because of the Queen's having conferred the Order of the Bath on the Italian Minister. It is regarded as an unwarranted insult to a friendly, if not cleanly, nation and Umberto is justly indignant.

THE Queen writes me that she has finished six hundred and thirty-four more “Leaves from the Highlands,” which she is prepared to send to the press on thirty minutes' notice. An American publisher has offered to take the lot at two cents per gross, but her Majesty is holding out for three.

PRINCE BANSHEE of the Cannibal Islands was invited to a child's party in London last night, and before the police could be called, his Excellency devoured three little boys and a pug belonging to his hostess.

LORD HENRY CHOLMONDELY WORCESTERSHIRE, of Ponsonbyville-on-Mandesby Canal, will be married on Thursday

next to the Lady Henrietta Esther Maria Eveline Hawkinson, daughter of Lord Charles Henry Higginbotham Hawkinson-Hawkinson, of Hawkinson Hall, Hawkinson-on-Hawkinson, Bwtskwyntdz, Wales. The Archbishop of Decanterbury will officiate.

THE Marchioness of Dunderry had the honor of contracting pneumonia while driving with the Queen on Wednesday.

THE Czar of Russia, I learn from a recent letter from Emperor Joseph, is in a constant state of terror lest his life be taken. Ever since he discovered a poisoned wick in a plate of fricasseed candle last spring, the Czar's condition has been pitiable. His last letter to me displayed considerable perturbation of spirit—so much so, in fact, that there were six roubles postage due on it. Other Czars of my acquaintance have never been guilty of such a financial lapse as this, and I can only attribute it to his Autocracy's abject state of mind.

THE Sultan writes me that if Mr. Sunset Cox does not return to Constantinople, he will hamstring every Christian in Porte. This shows the effect Mr. Cox's presence has had upon the Ottoman humor.

Carlyle Smith.



CHRISTMAS SHOPPING.

IF every woman was so wise
As to accept what men advise :
To do their Christmas shopping *now*
And 'void the rush, why, we'll allow,
Our stores would more than e'er be filled,
And half the women would be killed.

Moral.

'T is well this truth to keep your eyes on :

WHAT'S ONE MAN'S MEAT'S ANOTHER'S PIZON.

AMONG recent additions to the Bowery Freak Trade is a man who can prove that he once read the Editorial page of the Philadelphia *News* from beginning to end without falling asleep.

HE KNEW THE LADY.

MME. PATTI-NICOLINI (*tearfully*): Good-bye, Mr. Knickerbocker, farewell!

MR. KNICKERBOCKER (*with his handkerchief over his eyes*): Ting-ting, Madame, one long, last ting-ting.

AGAIN Mr. Hayes is called upon to fill in solitude the exacting position of the ex-Presidency.

Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and others have egg-crateness thrust upon them.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

WHY does the youth lie all the day
And groan so loud, his bed on?
Because he has that sorry thing
Yclept: Thanksgiving's head on.

IT was a Boston lady who insisted upon calling the flower of the day Chrysanthemadame.

MRS. SPRIGGINS is justly indignant because her husband recently paid six dollars a volume for the Encyclopedia Britannica, and there isn't a recipe for mince pie in the whole thing.

ACCORDING to New York morning papers, Mr. Heron-Allen permits ladies and gentlemen to call upon him at ten dollars per call.

As Mr. Allen dined with Mr. Beecher on Thanksgiving Day, it would be interesting to know how much the eminent divine paid for the condescension.

FINEST OF THE SEASON.

"WE had some of the finest muffins this morning I ever saw," said Foggins, who has just taken to housekeeping.

"So did we," replied Muggins, who boards.

"Ours were English muffins," said Foggins, enthusiastically.

"Ours were ragamuffins," replied Muggins, as he turned sadly away and went home.

IT has been a generally-accepted fact, that Wilkes Booth was the guilty party, but it looks now as if the *Century Magazine* took the Life of Lincoln.

THE charge that *Punch* is edited in the interests of a ring, seems borne out by the chestnuts in that esteemed publication.

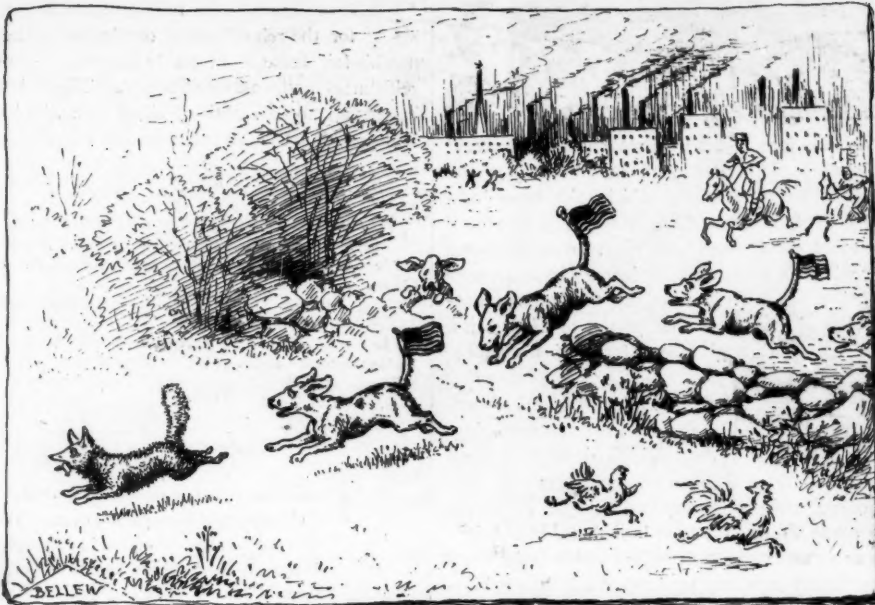
THE COVER OF THE NEW MAGAZINE.

WE acknowledge the receipt of advance sheets of Messrs. Scribners' New Magazine Prospectus. It is in every respect a worthy literary effort, and containing a fac-simile reproduction of the magazine cover, it is interesting from an artistic as well as literary point of view. Comparatively speaking, the cover is beautiful and will look well in print. It is not of so complicated a nature as the *Century Puzzle*, and one can read it without having to be an expert in surveying — at the same time it may be looked at for several minutes before all its beauties are apparent to the eye. The exact style of architecture from which this cover is derived, is hard to place; but inasmuch as it is absolutely devoid of punctuation, we suppose the gentleman who conceived it had no particular period in view.

The bird-tracks around the edge, artistically interspersed with asterisks, is a bold conception, which no one short of a member of the Hanging Committee of the Academy would have dared to perpetrate; and that some individual of established reputation is responsible for the design, is to be assumed from the startling originality shown in the central figure, a lamp giving so bad a light that one cannot tell whether there is an open book or a French flat in the background. This, together with a delicate allusion to the month in which the magazine is published, is surrounded by a wreath of holly so true to nature, that no leaf has less than three berries, and no three berries are accompanied by more than one leaf. This is a delicately veiled assurance that the magazine will be absolutely impartial, and is expressed as none other than a true poet could have expressed it.

For subtlety that cover removes the bakery.

George W. Me.



WHY NOT MAKE IT AMERICAN?

TISERS.

A PIC-NICING maid named Louise,
Proposing to lunch 'neath some trise
That she knew contained honey,
Said "Isn't it foney?"
But was soon frightened off by the bise.

REVENGE.

SHE wasn't very young, but she had money. He didn't want the earth.

"Dearest," he began, but she stopped him.

"I anticipate what you are about to say, Mr. Sampson," she said, "and I would spare your feelings, for it can never, never be. I esteem you highly, and will be a sister to —"

"I have four sisters already," he replied bitterly, "four grown sisters, and life is a hideous burden. But, oh Clara," he went on passionately, "if you cannot be my wife will you not give me a mother's protecting love? I'm an orphan."

SUFFICIENT REASON.

RICH BANKER: How can you afford to sport that magnificent diamond?

YOUNG MAN: Excuse me, I work in the Custom House.

RICH BANKER (deferentially): Oh! I beg your pardon.

MRS. WILDE is letting Oscar's hair grow long again.

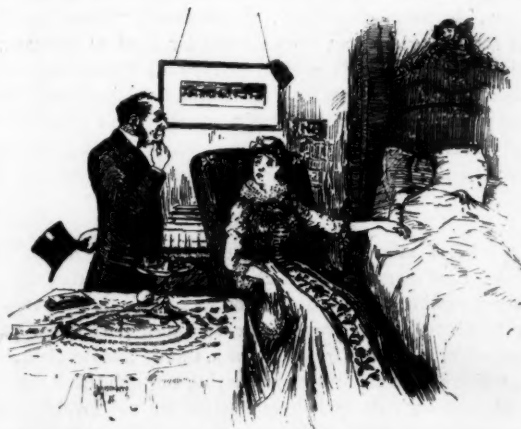
HUNGRY TO RECKLESSNESS.

WOMAN (*to tramp*): I kin give ye some cold buckwheat cakes an' a piece o' mince pie?

TRAMP (frightened): Wha-what's that?

WOMAN: Cold buckwheat cakes an' mince pie.

TRAMP (heroically): Throw in a small bottle of pepsin, madam, and I'll take the chances.



WHEN SCHOOL BEGINS.

Fond Mother: HE WAS WELL ALL THROUGH VACATION.

Doctor: YES; BUT DON'T BE ALARMED. IT'S A SORT OF EPIDEMIC JUST NOW AMONG THE BOYS.



CARLYLE REHABILITATED.

EVERY man conscious of his own weaknesses and cruel disappointments will read with kindly feelings the "Early Letters of Thomas Carlyle," which have been judiciously edited by Prof. Charles Eliot Norton (Macmillan). They reveal him as a young man, from nineteen to thirty-one years of age, groping his way through adverse circumstances to a distinguished career. Critics may say that he was despondent and a dismal croaker, at that period of life when a man should be happy through sheer force of his animal spirits.

It is so easy to say this after a ride in the park and a comfortable dinner, when one sits by the open fire surrounded by loving friends, and feels how thoroughly enjoyable is mere animal existence.

But to a proud-spirited young man like Carlyle, full of the capacity to do great things, possessed of that keen insight which tears away so many of the delusions which make youth an irresponsible time, hungering for intellectual sympathy — alone and friendless in a great city with poverty goading him to uncongenial work, and all dark and unpromising ahead — to such an one even the strong pulse of young manhood cannot bring full content.

There may be weakness in the heart-cries of a sensitive, high-minded young man oppressed with his utter loneliness, but it is at least a weakness that is strangely pathetic.

* * *

CARLYLE did not have a brave heart or a sanguine spirit, but he had what counted for success and what acquits him of moral cowardice,—and that was genuine Scotch tenacity and stubbornness. His faith in himself was his salvation. "I know," he writes, in poverty, at twenty-six, "there is within me something different from the regular herd of mortals; I think it is something superior; and if once I had overpassed those bogs and brakes and quagmires that lie between me and the free arena, I shall make some fellows stand to the right and left—or I mistake me greatly." And the best proof that this was not mere youthful conceit is that he did it.

* * *

A FEW months later he writes: "My confidence in Fortune seems to increase as her offers to me diminish. I have at no time felt less disposition to knuckle to low persons, or to abate in any way of the stubborn purposes I have formed, or to swerve from the track, thorny and desolate as it is, which I have chosen for journeying through this world."

Men of such dogged determination are not lovable; they pass too many rivals on the way; they rebuke too many weak and hesitating brothers; they have too little time for the graces and pleasures of living. But they make a deep furrow in their part of this little planet, and they plant good seeds, and from them in time spring fruit-bearing trees.

THE readers of LIFE will pardon this homily. It is time for the rehabilitation of Carlyle to begin. Too long has his fair fame been partly obscured by petty charges of selfishness and cold-heartedness. These letters show that he was an honest, truth-speaking man who loved his fellows, honored his father and mother, and hated shams.

Droch.

· NEW BOOKS ·

THREE VASSAR GIRLS ON THE RHINE. By Lizzie W. Champney. Illustrated by "Champ" and others. Boston: Estes & Lauriat.

The Globe Dictionary of the English Language. Compiled by Hyde Clarke. Boston: Aldine Book Publishing Co.

Young America. Stories and Pictures for Young People, 1887. Boston: Aldine Book Publishing Co.

The Earl's Return. By Owen Meredith. Illustrated by W. L. Taylor. Boston: Estes & Lauriat.

The Sentimental Calendar, being Twelve Funny Stories. By J. S. of Dale. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

AN IDLE STRAIN.

THOUGH, dear, I distinctly remember
(Many years have passed over us since),
'Twas the bleakest of nights in December,
When my heart began first to evince,
That said heart could e'en glow like an ember,
Though 'till then 'twas the hardest of flints.
And though May was the month when we plighted
That troth, which we ever shall keep,
And the brightest of sunbeams delighted
To play with your curls at bo-peep
All that day, 'till worn-out they alighted
And in your two eyes fell asleep.
'Tis when others are hunting the coon, dear,
The grouse and the partridge with zest,
And in red, and in gold, and maroon, dear,
The bushes and trees are all dressed.
Yes, the autumn's the time, when the moon, dear,
Impels me to love you the best.

W. B. McVickar.

KNEW HIM AT ONCE.

WOMAN (*to office boy*): I want to see the editor what wears the eye-glasses.

OFFICE BOY: Several of the editors wear eye-glasses, Madam.

WOMAN: The one I want has a green forehead.

OFFICE BOY: Oh, yes, that's the night editor.

DURING the forty-nine years of her reign Queen Victoria has only passed twelve days in Ireland. Which shows that she really has greater consideration for her Irish subjects than she gets credit for.

MR. BEECHER says that when he breakfasted with Gladstone, the latter did all the talking. Mr. Beecher says that!

PROGRESSIVE jackstraw parties are quite fashionable. Even the fashionable human mind must be employed.



THE PLEASURES OF KINGCRAFT.

FANCY SKETCH OF A EUROPEAN PRINCE RECEIVING AN OFFER OF THE THRONE OF BULGARIA.

A PHILOSOPHICO-CLASSICO-MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

BASED UPON AN ANALYSIS OF THREE PAGES OF A DIARY RECENTLY DISCOVERED IN AN UPPER ROOM OF A NEW YORK TENEMENT.

I.

HARVARD, June 15, 1878.

Vivimus, vivamus!
"Are you with us to-night?
There's a chance for us all
To get gloriously tight.
There's to be
A small spree
At Beck, No. 3."

"Yes, I'm with you, you bet,
Though I doubt if I get
My degree
Of A. B."

Vivimus, vivamus!
I got tight as a drum,
And was rather successful
In making things hum.
But the "Prex"
Showed his ex-
Cre'ble taste, and did vex
Us to-day with an order,
That on rudeness did border,
Which ejects
And dejects
Us sick wrecks.

1st equation: $-a + b = x$.

II.

NEW YORK, Nov. 1, 1882.

Vivimus, vivamus!
Retired (?) from college,
I flattered myself
Of the world I had knowledge.
For a awhile,
In a style
That played H with my 'pile,'
I lived the gay pet
Of a vapid set.
Yes, a vile
Little while.

Vivimus, vivamus!
My money now spent,
And my fair-spoken friends
To the devil sent,
With a laugh,
I do quaff
At my cups, and loud chaff
At hard grinding Care,
And that hang-dog, Despair.
E'en a half
Hearted laugh.

2nd equation: $-c + d = y$.

III.

NEW YORK, Dec. 31, 1886.

"Vivimus, vivamus!"
I wheeze on my bed
Where I soon must lie dead.
D—n that fear
Ever near
Sneering low in my ear.
"Vivimus! Bah!" } — z
Et sequential?
Rather dear.
Your 'life' here."

3rd equation: $-x + y = z$.
Z = ?

Ans: — Dono id sursum.

Lemons.



BLOOD WILL T
WHAT WE MAY EXPECT WHEN AR
CIAL B



GOOD WILL TELL.

WHEN ARTIFICIAL BARRIERS HAVE BEEN REMOVED.



SUCH a large and distinguished audience as that which assembled the other night at the Academy of Music to witness the production of that delicious little Greek comedy, "The Acharnians," by Aristophanes, it has rarely been my good fortune to see. A singular fact in connection with this audience was the superhuman effort it must have made to repress the delight which it undoubtedly felt, and the success that effort met with.

If I had been a cold, cynical observer, I should have said that the ladies and gentlemen looked inexpressibly and hopelessly bored, and that the efforts of the students of the University of Pennsylvania were received with but tepid approval. Indeed, I might even have suffered from the hallucination that numbers of people left the theatre. But, in the paragraphic style affected by an illustrious morning contemporary,

I am not cold.

I am warm.

I am not cynical.

I am philanthropical.

Consequently, I am convinced that every one of the ladies present were infinitely pleased with the witty sallies of "dear old Aristophanes." And then the Greek pronunciation of the students was so perfect that it was a pleasure to listen to it. Greek, when imperfectly spoken, is apt to be tiresome; in fact, I have known many people assert that they never could understand broken Greek.

Then the costumes in the Greek play were so thoroughly correct that no one could fail to enjoy them. Mr. Brinton as *Amphitheos*, appeared in a Worth made blue silk chiton, exquisitely trimmed with gold chlamys. This masterpiece was supplemented by a cothurnus. These colors were chosen to contrast prettily with the terra cotta himatia of the assemblage. While on the subject of costumes, I should like to mention the charming little imported diploidion worn by *Miss Dikaiopolis*, in a most effective manner.

The plot of the "Acharnians" is so intricate that it is hard to find its beginning. *Dikaiopolis* walks in, and says how annoyed he is that times are so extremely decadent. He longs for peace, and takes a great deal of time to long in. Immediately after that a crowd of *Ekklesia* and ten *Prytanes* come in and hold a council. While this is going on, in walk some *toxotai*, in that peculiar style which we all know is particularly their own. Presently *Amphitheos* enters, and enrages the *Ekklesia* because he offers to buy some peace for them. *Amphitheos* is squelched.

Subsequently *Dikaiopolis* obtains peace from a demi-god in the form of wine. He liked the wine extremely, and almost modernly, if I may say so. But other folks wanted war, and

it was only after a most turbulent time that *Dikaiopolis* succeeded in his designs.

This delicious little plot was most admirably worked out. It was sprinkled with music of a most pleasing nature. An entertaining parabasis was sung with considerable tone, color, and a perfect plethora of staccato effect. Then the choragic dance was excellent in its way, and provoked much applause.

"The Acharnians" was really an intellectual trial. Why the Pennsylvania University failed to hire the Academy of Music for—say three months, and give the play a long run, I can't understand. A vile scoffer, whom I hardly like to mention, suggested that the run from New York to Philadelphia would be quite long enough, provided it took place at once. That, however, is ridiculous. If the University had secured a good New York season, it could easily have booked dates on the road for "The Aristophanes Comedy Company."

I don't see why New York and Philadelphia should have all the good things. Selfishness is detestable on all occasions. Let "The Acharnians" go and sow its Greekness all over the country, and good-luck to it.

Alan Dale.

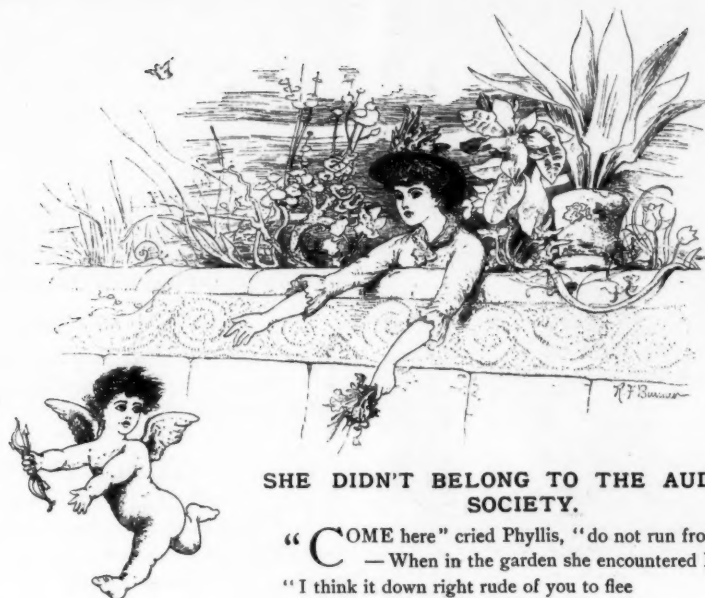
MR. VAN DER STUCKEN gave the first of his symphonic matinées on Friday afternoon, November 20, and he is to be congratulated on his exceedingly interesting programme. It is difficult now-a-days, when the modern composers appear to be in the ascendant, for the fine old masters to obtain a hearing, and Mr. Van der Stucken, with his well-trained orchestra, is giving every one a golden opportunity to enjoy what is best in music. We hope that he will achieve the success he undoubtedly deserves.

THE statue of Liberty is likened unto one of the foolish virgins.

THAT GREEK PLAY.

BY LIFE'S SPECIAL ARCHÆOLOGIST.

YOUR archæologist, believing that if any one could produce a Greek play as he used to see it in Athens some years ago, the Philadelphians could do it, attended the representation of the *Acharnians* at the Academy last week. He was not disappointed in his expectations, and he is certain that if the friend of his youth, George D. Aristophanes, of the Athenian Theatre Comique, could have seen the performance recently given, he would have wept. The *Acharnians* never before was so comic, so roaringly farcical as the Philadelphia students made it, and it is unfortunate that its author could not have lived to see it, and reap the rewards the Nineteenth century showers upon true humor at the rate of five dollars per agate yard. I have not a single doubt that Aristophanes could, on the strength of that performance, have obtained gratifying recognition as a humorous paragrapher on any one of the Philadelphia journals; and had he lived, Philadelphia humor would have been the fresher for it by some seven cycles at least—not to divide the periods into bicycles.



SHE DIDN'T BELONG TO THE AUDUBON SOCIETY.

"COME here" cried Phyllis, "do not run from me,"
— When in the garden she encountered Love,—
"I think it down right rude of you to flee
A heart as tender as a Sucking Dove!"

"Ah!" Cupid cries, "what's that around your hat?
The wings of Little Birds! I know not whether
Your heart is like a dove's, but I know that
My wings shall furnish for your cap no feather!"

Greek, with a Quaker city accent, is the most musical tongue I have ever listened to. Never has it been my good fortune to hear so true a curve given the circumflex; so sharp a thrill pervade the southwesterly slant of the acute; nor so solemn an intonation slide down the inclined plane of the grave accent.

From the lips of these Philadelphia amateurs the penultimate of Aristophanes dropped with all the impressive yet rippling grandeur of Niagara, and not with the dull, sickening thud which even in the gala days of the Greek drama was a humorous expedient.

The leading rôles of the Adonis of 425 B.C. were evenly sustained by the undergraduates of the University of Pennsylvania; but the chorus, while true to the archaeological spirit which pervaded the whole performance, might have been made up with a greater eye to beauty. The topical song introduced by Dicæopolis was in bad taste, to my mind, although the fashionable audience versed to a greater extent in classic than in Philadelphia Greek, not exactly comprehending the allusions contained in it, applauded it vociferously. There is an unfortunate tendency on the part of New York society people, to applaud what they cannot comprehend, which finds its counterpart in the Bostonians love for Browning and the Chicagoans enthusiastic admiration for culture generally. It is to this weakness in our first people that much of the flagrant violation of the accepted rules of dramatic art to-day is due. It would have hurt the feelings of

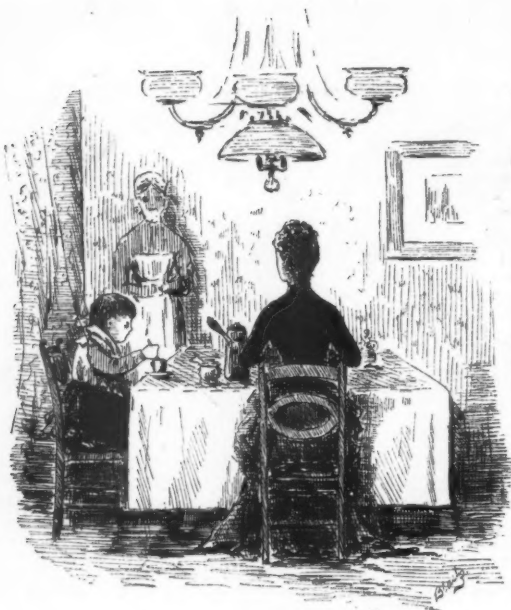
Aristophanes greatly to listen to a Greek strophe commemorating boodles aldermen interpolated in a play written in 425 B.C., and it is unfortunate that the well-meaning youth, who essayed its performance, should have allowed inter-metropolitan animosity to get the better of his judgment.

The only serious adverse criticisms I can make are that Lamachus resolutely ignored his diphthongs, and that the scenery was not so sumptuous as Aristophanes himself would have wished.

The Provost of the University, under whose supervision the play was produced, might learn something from Mr. Augustin Daly or Mr. Palmer. A few portieres scattered around through the columns with one or two dainty chiffoniers or Boule tables would have added a warmth to the stage setting, which was seriously lacking.

I cannot predict that a long run would be accorded the *Acharnians* if put on the road. In fact, that it should have one consecutive performance rather surprised me, knowing that the gallery of the Academy is large enough to hold all the gods of this city and Brooklyn whom "Erminie" and other successful efforts of the modern drama have materially spoiled as regards the playwrights of a bygone age. The University of Pennsylvania has every reason to be satisfied that the performance should have as long an uninterrupted run as it had, and fate should not be tempted by any further efforts.

Carlyle Smith.



ANENT WHIPPED CREAM.

Lionel: MAMMA, MAY I HAVE SOME MORE SPANKED CREAM IN MY COCOA?

INDIAN SUMMER.

HE.

SHOULD old acquaintance be forgot?
Have I not stood the test?
Desert me not, I pray thee, love!
Old friends are always best.

SHE.

Our long acquaintance is too long;
Your love 's too often told.
My heart demands fresh victims now.
Old friends may be too old.

R. D.

NEAL DOW is lecturing on "How to get ahead." We suppose he recommends a combination of Bass' ale and Rhine wine.

LIABLE TO BREAK.

"OH GEORGE!" she exclaimed, catching her breath as she gazed out to sea; "there seems to be no limit to old Neptune's broad expanse; and the waves, George, how playfully they gambol along the shore!"

"The waves are very foolish, dear," said George, with a sigh.

"How foolish?"

"To gamble where there is no limit."

HOW IT USUALLY HAPPENS.

LA CARICATURE.



When your hat blows off the first thing to do



Is to give chase,



Clearing, as best you can, whatever obstacles may be in the way,



And upsetting others.

Then you lose your temper, looking upon your hat as a living enemy, defying you,

And resort to any means to capture it.



AN ASSUMED NAME.

MANAGER (to supernumerary): I am going to give you a small part in the new play; do you wish your real name on the bill, or will you use an assumed name?

SUPE: I guess I will use an assumed name.

M.: Very good; what shall it be?

S.: Signor Vermicelli.

M.: That's a high sounding name; why do you use Vermicelli? Got it out of a cook-book, did you?

S.: Yes, and I use it because I am a supe, you know. — *Boston Courier*.

APPLIED LISZT.

MR. BLIFFERS (to his daughter): Eliza, did you read this article about Liszt?

ELIZA (at the piano): Yes, pa.

"Did you notice that he said people must play the piano with their soul?"

"Yes, pa."

"Well, Eliza, just put your hands in your pocket and play with your soul till I'm through reading." — *Omaha World*.

"Yes, Mr. Oldboy," she simpered, "I have seen 27 Springs. Would you think it?" "Well, yes, ma'am, I don't know but what I would," Mr. Oldboy said, "and I guess some of them springs must have been very backward." — *Harper's Bazaar*.

"I've been on this road ten years," said the conductor on a Southern railroad to a passenger who complained of the slow time, "an' I know what I'm talking about." "Ten years, eh?" said the passenger. "What station did you get on at?" — *Harper's Bazaar*.

COL. FRANK B. STOCKBRIDGE built an elegant residence, which largely exceeded his expectations in the matter of cost, as all such enterprises have a vicious way of doing. When it was completed a friend asked the Colonel if he was through with the work, to which he replied: "Yes, it's all done but one thing. I am going to buy a parrot and place it at the front door, and teach it so that every time I enter the bird will say, 'Hello, you old fool!'" — *Kalamazoo (Mich.) Gazette*.

BAGLEY: "Come, sir, I wish you would quit puffing that smoke into my face." PENSTOCK: "Doesn't hurt the smoke, my dear sir." BAGLEY: "It hurts me, sir; I detest the smell of tobacco." PENSTOCK: "My dear sir, this is not tobacco; it is a five-cent cigar." — *Tobacco Journal*.

CANDIDATE TO VOTER: I believe you promised to vote for me. VOTER: I don't recollect. I've promised to vote for so many fellows that I can't exactly remember.

"Take something?"

"Don't care if I do. By the way, I believe I did promise to vote for you." — *Goodall's Chicago Sun*.

PARENTAL INFLUENCE.

MAMMA: What is my darling pet thinking of that he is so quiet?

DARLING PET (whose papa has just reproved him for piling sugar on his oatmeal): I was thinking how nice it would be if pap would die, and you'd marry Mr. Smith; he always brings me candy, and says I need sweet things. — *Pittsburgh Bulletin*.

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in New England to furnish more than one woman in
three with a husband, it is a mighty lucky girl who is
born a Mrs.—Boston Transcript.

WE hope the venerable Dr. McCosh will not let the
matter drop. If he has the right kind of pluck in
him he will challenge Dr. Holmes to a match game
of football for the championship of the world.—
Chicago News.

SILENCE may be golden, but it doesn't necessarily
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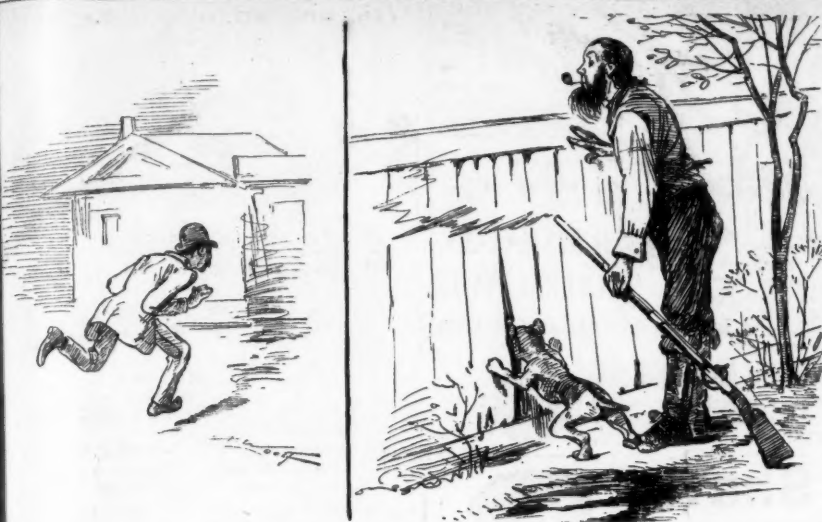
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A MAN, not long since, brought a baby to be christened to a Catholic clergyman of this city. "What are you going to call him?" said the priest. "Luther Calvin," answered the proud father. The venerable sprinkler was taken aback for a minute, but finally he summoned breath to exclaim, "Well, I will baptize him Mary, and you can go home and call him what you like."—*Boston Saturday Evening Gazette.*

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